
FALLOUT: NEW VEGAS
ALL ROADS
BETHESDA SOFTWORKS®
DARK HORSE BOOKS®

Fallout® NEW VEGAS™

ALL ROADS



"Then we walked the road to Vegas,
all the lights of the Old World still glowing,
pretty as you please."

Fallout® NEW VEGAS™

ALL ROADS

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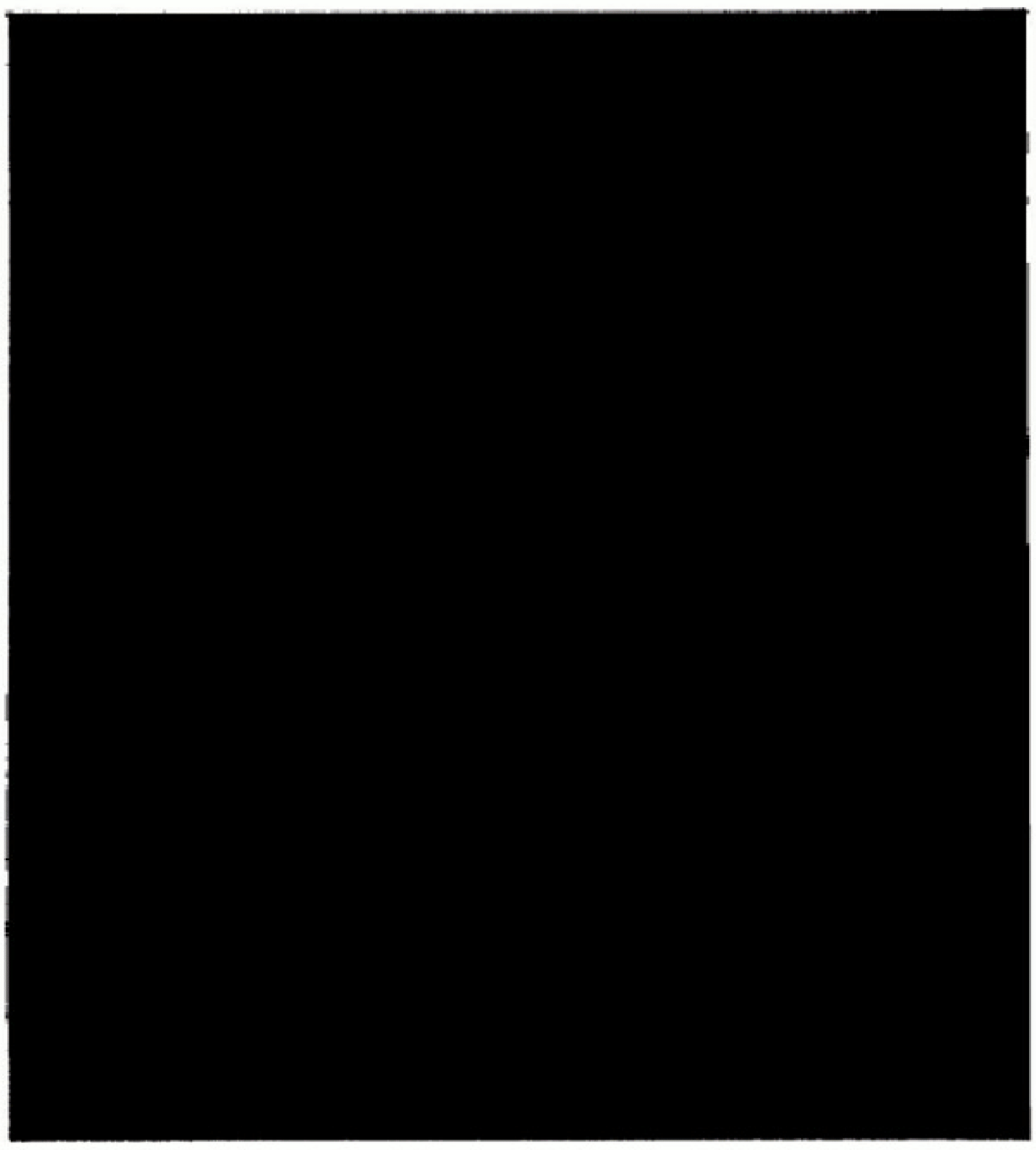


"You want to go back to the old ways, there's the door. Go on, see the world outside Vegas in all its glory."

THE YEAR IS 2281.

In the aftermath of a nuclear war,
humanity has struggled to survive.

In the Mojave wasteland, great tribes
have again taken on the trappings of
civilization, building communities, towns,
and even cities...but their more brutal
instincts aren't so easily left behind.













CASSINO

PIG

IRVING

Lucky 38

HOTEL

DICE

GOMORRAH

GOMORR

AIR CONDIT

MY KINDA TOWN.

NEVER FORGET
FUCK THE
NEVER FORGET
NEVER FORGET
NEVER FORGET
YOU GONNA COME *BACK* TO US, CHANCE?

THIS MUST BE YOUR HANDIWORK.

TOLD YOU *BEFORE*, DOESN'T DO ANY *GOOD* TO KEEP DIGGING THIS SHIT UP.

NEVER FORGET

FUCK BITTER SPRINGS. WE'RE *KHANS*. WE'VE SURVIVED WOR--

BACK AMONG THE *LIVING*? GOOD.

BECAUSE WE GOT A *JOB*.

FOREVER IN DEATH

FIXING TO *GO* SOMEWHERE, BOSS?

PROBLEM, SWANK?

ONLY WITH CIGS ON THE *FLOOR.* LEAVES A *TRAIL* YOU CAN SMELL A MILE AWAY.

A *TRAIL?* HOW *TRIBAL* OF YOU.

YOU *KNOW* WHAT I MEAN, BENNY -- LEAVES A *MARK,* STINKS UP THE PLACE.

MINDING *MY* FLOOR ISN'T YOUR BUSINESS.

HOW'S THE DOWNSTAIRS?

RUNNING OUT OF *TALENT.* TOMMY'S WORKING ON GETTING SOME NEW ACTS -- HE COULD USE SOME *HELP.*

TOMMY CAN CRY IN THE *RAIN* FOR ALL I CARE.

AND I *DID* HELP. THAT *SINGER,* ALL TAKEN CARE OF?

WORD ON THE *STRIP* IS, TOOK TOO MUCH PSYCHO, KILLED HIMSELF.

BROUGHT THE VIAL *BACK*, JUST LIKE YOU *SAID*.

BOYS WEREN'T *HAPPY* TO HEAR IT. THEY *LIKED* THE GUY.

IF HE'D KEPT *CLEAN*, HE'D STILL BE SINGING TODAY.

YOU WANTED HIM *DEAD*, I COULD HAVE ICED HIM *CLEAN*.

WOULD'VE BEEN THE WAY WE HANDLED IT BACK WHEN RIDING THE *MOJAVE*.

YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO THE *OLD* WAYS, THERE'S THE *DOOR*. GO ON, SEE THE WORLD *OUTSIDE* VEGAS IN ALL ITS *GLORY*.

BEFORE YOU DO, THINK OF WHERE THE CHAIRMEN ARE *NOW*. WE DON'T *NEED* THE OLD WAYS TO WIN AT *THIS* GAME.

ONLY THING IN THAT VIAL IS *VEGAS*.

JUST SAYING A STRAIGHT KILL WOULD HAVE BEEN *HONEST*.

HE WAS A *FINK*, SURE -- BUT HE DIDN'T *KNOW* THERE WAS PSYCHO IN THAT VIAL.

RED ROCK CANYON.

THE COLORADO RIVER IS *HERE.*

EVERYTHING EAST OF THE RIVER BELONGS TO *CAESAR* -- IT'S *LEGION* TERRITORY.

EVERYTHING WEST, NOW THAT'S *NEW CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC* LAND -- OR WHAT THEY CAN HOLD ON TO.

SO WHO'S PAYING THE *CAPS* FOR THIS JOB?

HEARD IT'S *RAIDER* WORK.

SOME BIG SHOT FROM VEGAS. AND IT'S NOT *RAIDER* WORK, IT'S *WORK.*

LONG AS WE'RE KILLING *NCR*, AIN'T *WORK* AT ALL.

BITTER SPRINGS -- MAKE SURE THEY *NEVER* FORGET.

ALL FOR A LITTLE PAYBACK, A FEW RANGERS WITH BULLETS IN THEIR SKULLS SUITS ME *FINE.*

YOU ALL CAN *FORGET* ABOUT *NCR* AND BITTER SPRINGS, THAT'S NOT THE *JOB.*

LOOK ALIVE -- CHANCE AND JESSUP.

WHERE YOU TWO *LADIES* BEEN?

BETTER HAVE CLEANED UP YOUR *ACT*, CHANCE -- DON'T NEED YOU *LOSING* IT ANYMORE.

RED ROCK
NELLIS
BITTER SPRINGS
MC CARRAN
HOOVER DAM
BOULDER CITY
FORLORN HOPE
GOODSPRINGS
HELIOS
NELSON
PRIMM
NOVAS
NIPTON
MOJAVE

HEH. YOU *MISSED* A SPOT.

I'M NO *CRITIC*, BUT THAT'S NOT THE VEGAS I KNOW.

YOU'RE *LATE.*

FASHIONABLY SO.

BUT LADY LUCK? SHE'S *ALWAYS* ON TIME.

WHY ARE WE HUNTING FOR SOME *COURIER?*

BECAUSE THAT'S THE *JOB.*

THIS COURIER *WRONG* YOU?

IT'S NOT THE *COURIER* I WANT AS MUCH AS WHAT THEY'RE *CARRYING.*

SOUNDS *VALUABLE.*

ONLY TO *ME.*

THIS *COURIER* -- TRAVELING WITH A *CARAVAN?* ANY *BODY-GUARDS?*

NOT A ONE. DRAWS LESS ATTENTION TO THE *PACKAGE.*

SO WHAT, THIS COURIER'LL JUST *GIVE* IT TO US?

I'D RATHER OUR INVOLVEMENT *NOT* BE KNOWN. LEAVING THE VICTIM *ALIVE* MAKES THAT DIFFICULT.

I *KNOW* WHO YOU *ARE*, KNEW AS SOON AS I SAW THE *SUIT*.

YOU GOT PLENTY OF *BOYS* FOR THIS JOB, YET *HERE* YOU ARE, TALKING TO *US*.

KHANS DON'T KILL FOR *VEGAS* CAPS, NOT LIKE *THIS*.

TELL HIM, McMURPHY. IT AIN'T THE KHAN *WAY*.

NEVER SAID I *WOULDN'T* PULL THE TRIGGER.

THAT WORKS FOR ME.

THEN THAT'S THE *LAST* OF THE DETAILS?

GOOD.

THE HELL IS *HIS* PROBLEM?

YOUR *LIGHTER.*

ONE OF A KIND.

HE LIKE *FIRES?*

CHANCE WAS AT *BITTER SPRINGS* WHEN *NCR* HIT. STILL *SEES* IT SOMETIMES.

CAN'T LET GO.

I'VE KNOWN *JUNKIES* -- *FINKS* WHO CAN'T LAY OFF THE POISON. HE *CLEAN?*

MOSTLY. WAS HOPING THIS *TRIP* MIGHT HELP.

HE'S GOOD IN A *FIGHT,* CHEMS OR NOT.

LOOK AT HIM. HE'S *SWEATING.* COMING *DOWN.*

HE *LOSES* IT, HE'S *YOUR* RESPONSIBILITY.

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT NONE. *KHANS* CARRY OUR OWN.

SEE THAT *LIGHTER* OF HIS?

COULD *USE* A LIGHTER LIKE THAT.

TRY IT, AND *VEGAS* WILL COME AT US WITH BOTH BARRELS. KHANS HAVE *ENOUGH* TO WORRY ABOUT.

VEGAS ALREADY SWALLOWED *THREE* TRIBES AND SPIT 'EM OUT INTO FAMILIES.

TRIBES? YOU TELLING ME HE'S A *TRIBAL?*

IT'S *MIDDAY,* AND HE'S SETTING THE *PACE.* YOU TELL ME.

GET A LITTLE *CLOSER* -- COULD USE THE *SHADE.*

CHANCE, RIGHT? LOVE THE NAME. SPEAKS *VOLUMES.*

YOUR PAL *JESSUP* SAYS YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN SINCE BITTER SPRINGS.

LONG TIME. SHOULD LET ME IN ON YOUR SECRET...

...NOW *THERE'S* A PICTURE.

THIS BODY BETTER *NOT* BE YOUR COURIER.

WHAT ARE THESE, *GHOULS?*

NO DICE. BODY'S *BURNED*, LIMBS *INTACT.*

LOOKS LIKE HE *CRAWLED* THIS FAR BEFORE HE DIED -- SOMEONE SET HIM ON *FIRE* AND WATCHED.

IF IT'S NOT THE *COURIER*, WHO? *LEGION?*

NO.

FIENDS.

FIENDS ARE RUNNING HARD ON *CHEMS* -- BAD NEWS.

PROBABLY FUELED WITH *JET, PSYCHO* -- HELL, *BARKSCORPION* VENOM FOR ALL I KNOW.

THOUGHT YOU *TRADED* WITH THEM.

RIGHT, AND WE *COULD* DEAL WITH THEM STRAIGHT IF THEY WEREN'T CHEMED UP. NOW...

BEST LET THEM DO THEIR *THING.*

IF WE HEAD BACK A FEW MILES, CIRCLE *EAST...*

NO. IF WE TAKE THE LONG WAY, WE MIGHT *MISS* THE COURIER.

THAT HAPPENS, YOU AREN'T SEEING A *CAP.*

I DIDN'T BRING YOU ALONG FOR *COMPANY.* NOT SAYING WE SHOOT IT OUT, BUT WE'RE MOVING *AHEAD.*

FUCKING NCR. SUPPOSED TO *DEAL* WITH SHIT LIKE THIS.

LIKE *BITTER SPRINGS?* NCR PROTECTION IS THE LAST THING WE NEED.

NO *SENSE* IN STAYING HERE IF WE ALL GET *KILLED.*

WHERE THE HELL IS *CHANCE?*



THERE'S YOUR *FRIEND.*

OH *SHIT.*

THIS ISN'T GOING TO END WELL--

--FOR *HIM.*

DON'T DRAW ATTENTION TO US. WE GET AWAY *CLEAN.*

NO FUCKING *WAY.*

McMURPHY?

THAT'S *CHANCE* DOWN THERE.

FUCK THIS -- IF I'M THE ONLY *KHAN* HERE, I'M DYING WITH HIM.

KHAN

GREAT KHANS











FEEL *BETTER* NOW?

CHANCE? HIS NAME SHOULD BE STUPID.

ALL IN THE PAST NOW. WE GOT HIM UNDER CONTROL.

OH, YOU DO.

WE GET CHANCE THE DRUGS THE FIENDS HAD, IT'LL SMOOTH HIM OUT -- HE'LL BE JITTERY, BUT --

ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT PUMPING MORE SHIT IN HIM?

THIS IS YOUR FRIEND ON A GOOD DAY, AND YOU WANT TO DOSE HIM UP WITH JET, PSYCHO, OR WHATEVER BRAHMIN-SHIT CHEM YOU CAN AND PRAY IT'LL KEEP HIS ASS CALM?!

PUT. HIM. *DOWN.*

FINE -- NO NEED TO SAY IT. KHANS CARRY THEIR *OWN.*

YOU DEAL WITH HIM -- HE'S YOUR *FRIEND.*

FAMILY.

FORGET IT. LET'S FOCUS ON THE *JOB.*




NCR



HOW YOU *FEELING?*

I *FORGOT,* YOU DON'T TALK.

SMOKE?

NOT YOUR *CHEM* OF CHOICE, I TAKE IT.

I'VE HEARD ABOUT BITTER SPRINGS. CRYING SHAME. HAPPENED A *LONG* TIME AGO, THOUGH.

DON'T GET ME *WRONG,* I UNDERSTAND HOW THAT STUFF CAN EAT YOU UP, I DO.

LET ME TELL YOU A *STORY.*

"SO -- I RUN THIS CASINO, THE *TOPS.*

"*GREAT* VIEW, CAN SEE ALL VEGAS FROM THE WINDOW.

"WE HAD ACTS COMING IN FROM ALL OVER THE MOJAVE TO PERFORM THERE, ENTERTAINMENT. CLASS ACTS.

"BUT THERE WAS THIS ONE, SEE, THIS *SINGER.*

"THIS SINGER USED TO RUN WITH US BACK WHEN OUR GANG RODE THE MOJAVE -- LIKE YOU *KHANS.*

"THE BOYS *LOVED* HIM. HE'D SING AROUND THE CAMPFIRE -- SONGS ABOUT *US* IN THE OLD DAYS.

"THEN WE WALKED THE ROAD TO VEGAS, ALL THE LIGHTS OF THE OLD WORLD STILL GLOWING, *PRETTY* AS YOU PLEASE.

"MET THE MAN WHO *RUNS* VEGAS. HE SHOWED ME A WHOLE NEW WAY TO LIVE. DIDN'T NEED TO PLAY TRIBAL ANYMORE.

"THING IS, THIS *SINGER* CAME WITH US, TOO. AND HE DIDN'T *SEE* VEGAS THE WAY I DID.

"KEPT SINGING THE *OLD* SONGS FROM WHEN WE WERE RIDING THE MOJAVE, KEPT TALKING ABOUT HOW WE SHOULD HIT THE ROAD AGAIN.

"SO HE DID -- IN HIS OWN WAY."

PROBLEM WAS, WHEN HE SANG, MY BOYS, THEY STARTED THINKING ABOUT HOW THINGS *USED* TO BE.

YOU COULD *SEE* IT -- THAT LAST LITTLE TOUCH OF THE OLD WAYS THERE, PLUCKING THEIR HEARTSTRINGS LIKE A PIANO.

NOSTALGIA'S A *DRUG,* CHANCE. YOU FELT IT WHEN YOU DECIDED TO KILL THOSE FIENDS.

YOU WANT TO BE BACK THERE WITH THE KHANS IN BITTER SPRINGS. AND THIS TIME, MAKE IT *RIGHT.*

THAT SINGER WANTED TO GO *BACK,* TOO -- AND THE ONLY WAY HE COULD WAS TO SHOOT HIMSELF UP WITH ALL SORTS OF SHIT.

HE COULD HAVE LEFT IT ALONE, CLEANED UP, CHANGED HIS *TUNE.* BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO CHANGE.

ME, I'M NOT LIKE THAT SINGER. I'M DONE THINKING ABOUT HOW THINGS USED TO BE.

THIS COURIER'S THE KEY. I GET THE PACKAGE, I WON'T WALK THE MOJAVE EVER AGAIN -- THE MOJAVE WILL WALK TO *ME.*

I'LL HOLD VEGAS IN MY HAND.

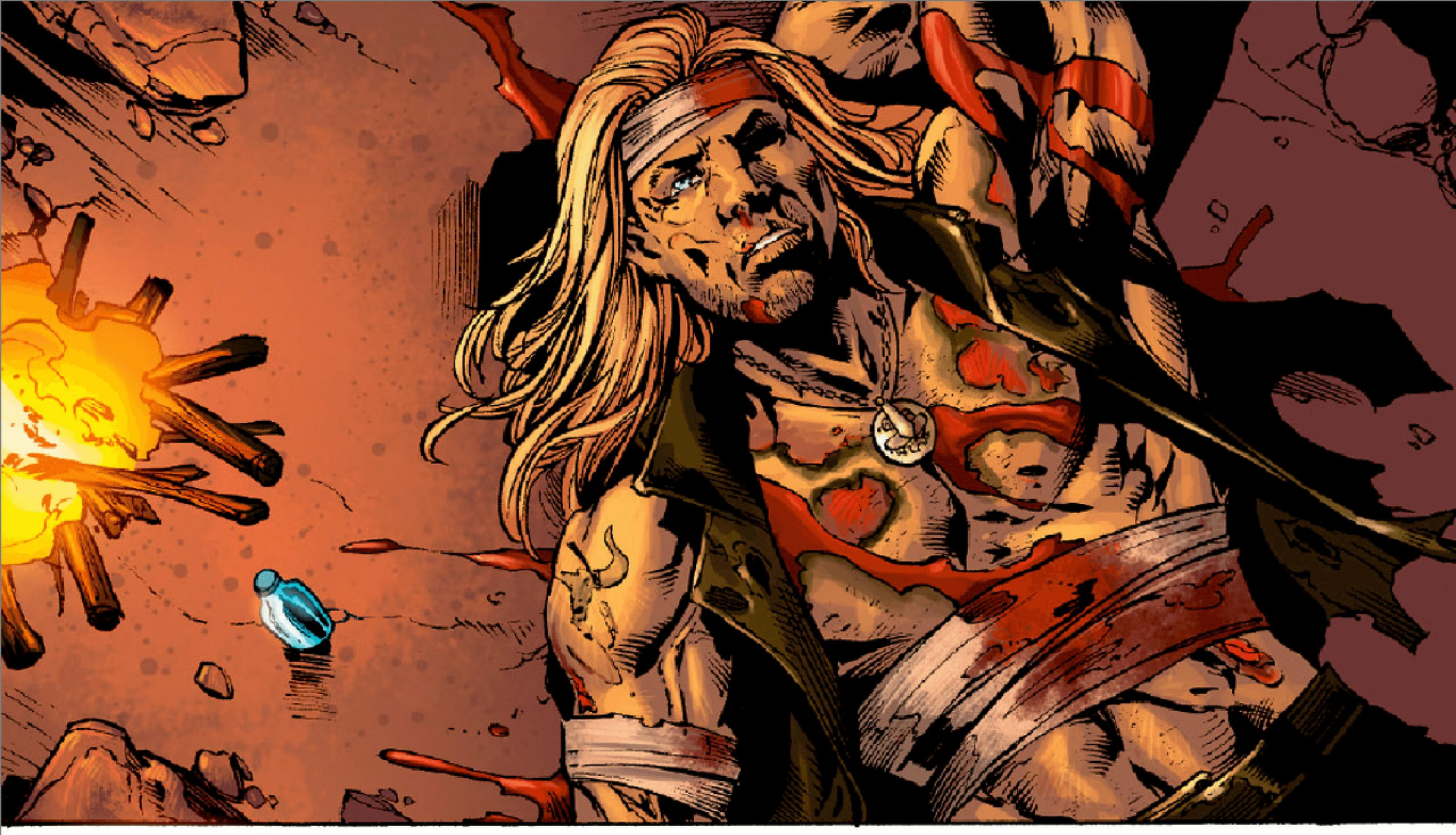
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT APPRECIATE THIS.

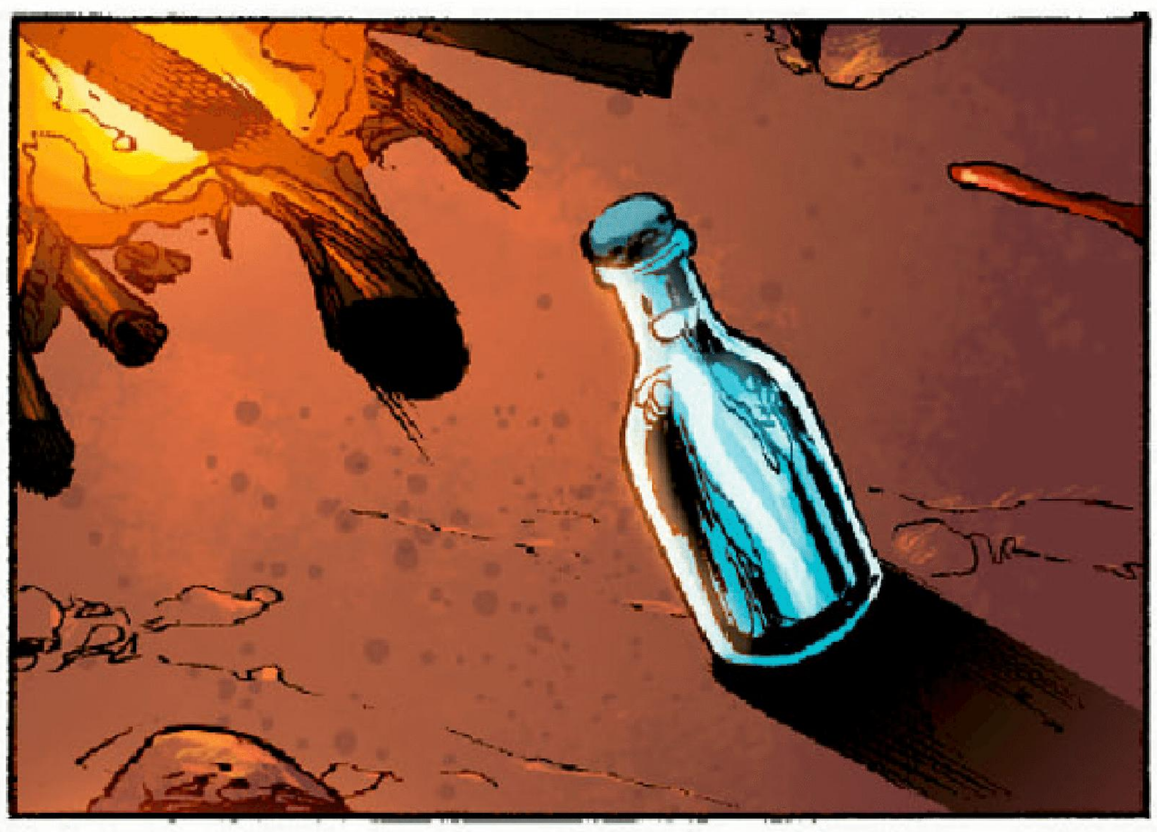
YOU'RE *TOUGH,* CHANCE. I HOPE YOU KEEP IT *TOGETHER* TILL THE JOB'S DONE, I REALLY DO.

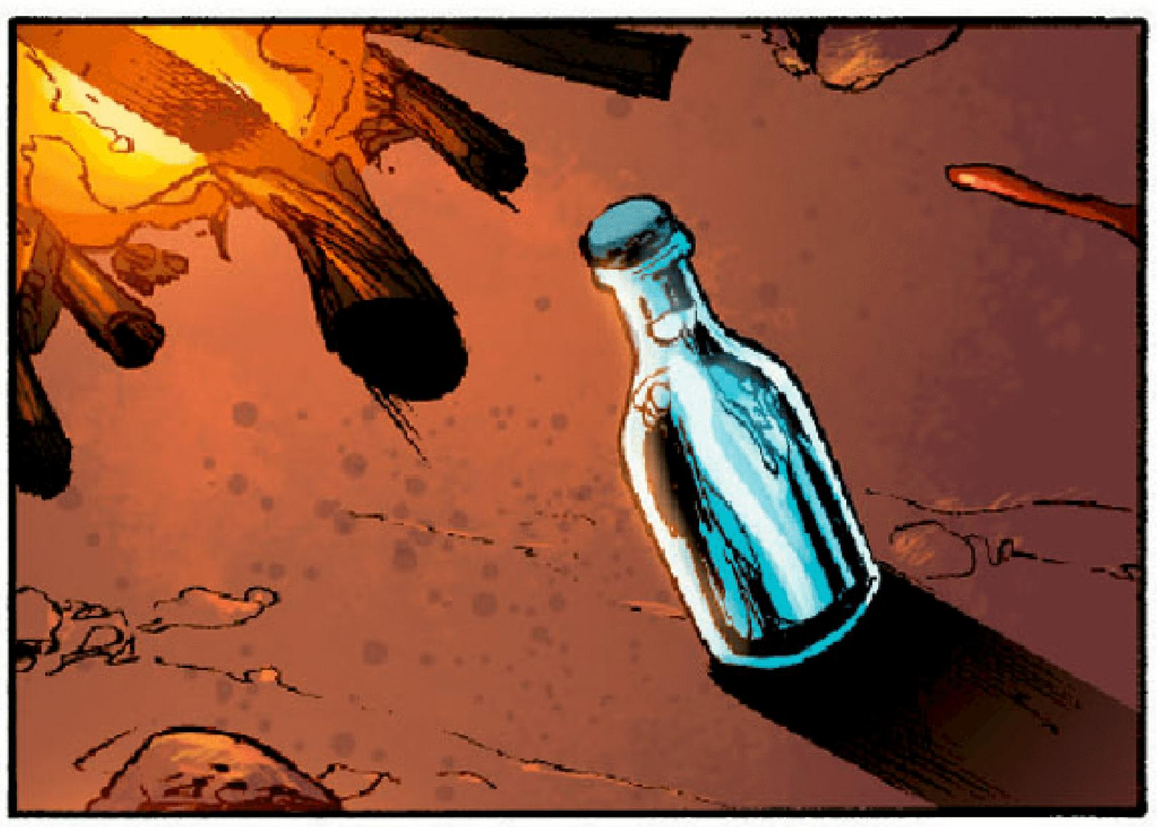
BUT I NEED YOU TO CHANGE YOUR TUNE. IF YOU *CAN'T...*

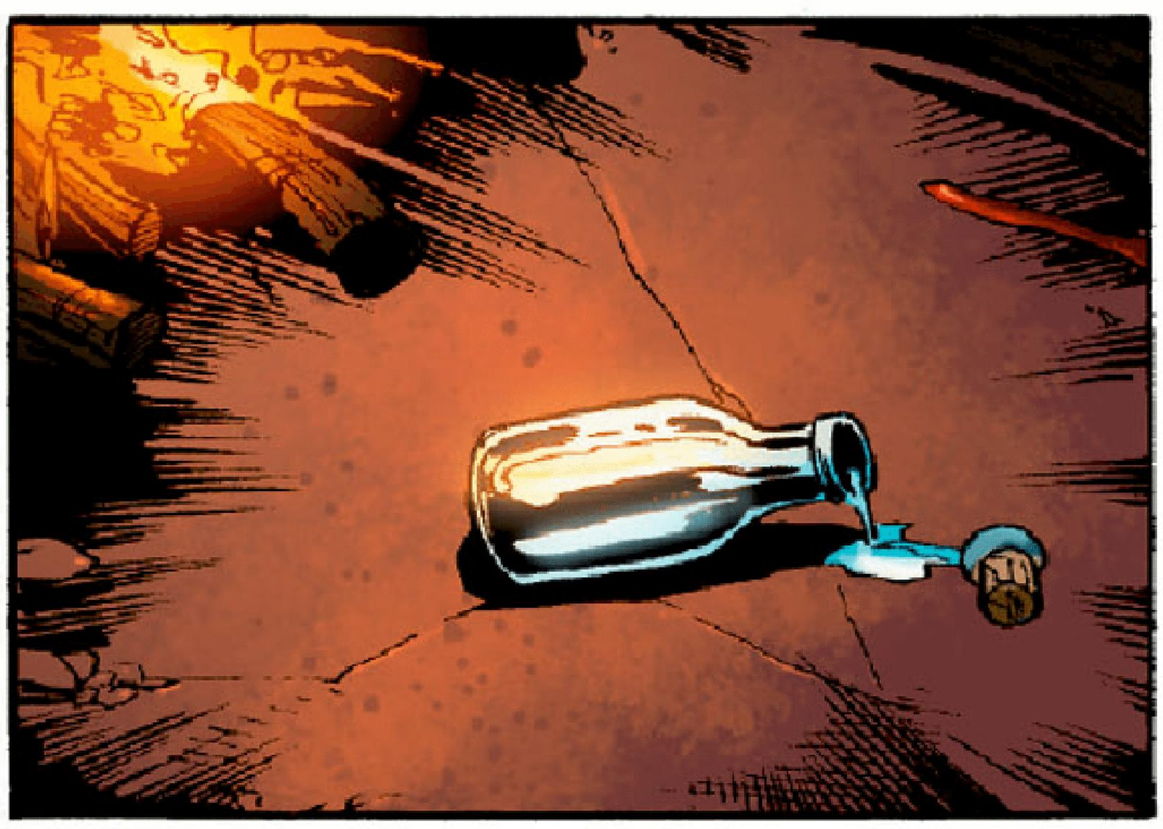
NOT SAYING IT'S AN *EASY* ROAD.

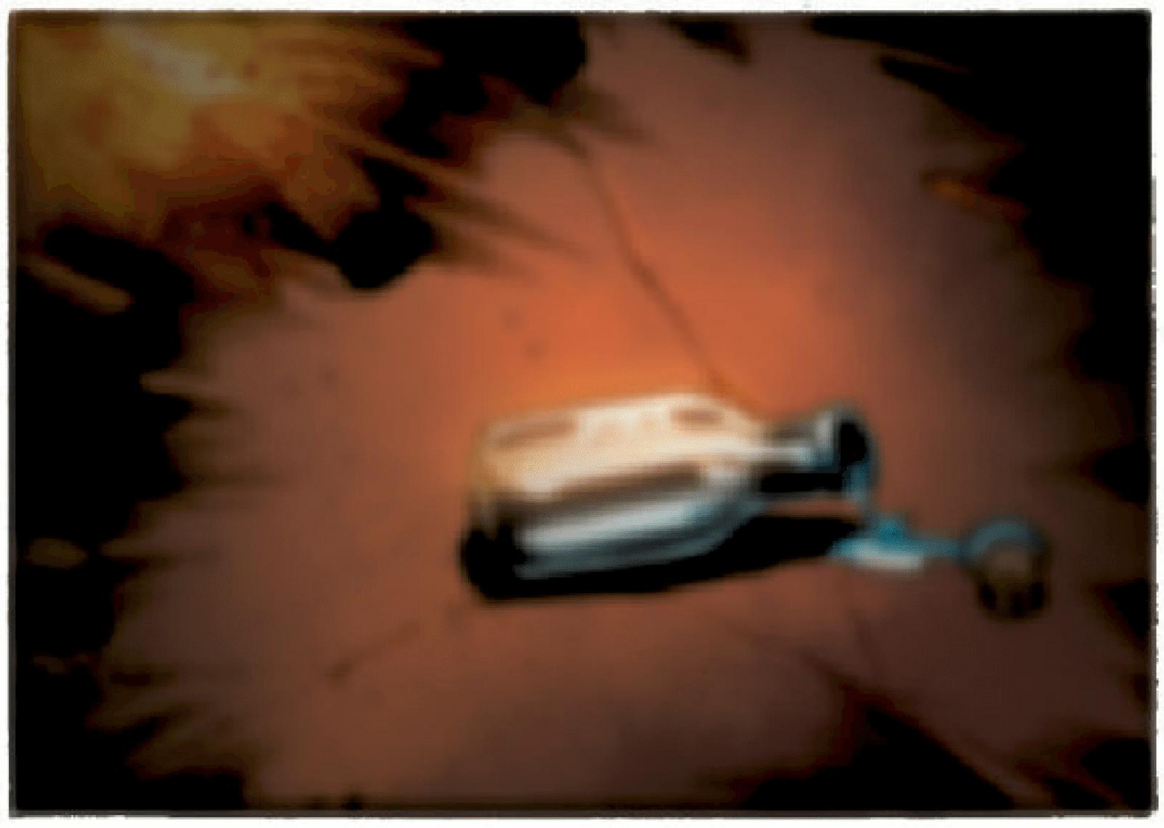
AND IT'S HARD TO WALK. IF YOU FEEL THE NEED TO LOSE YOURSELF FOR A WHILE -- GO ON AND TAKE IT.











THOUGHT HE'D BE TOUGHER THAN THAT.

TOOK A LOT OF BULLETS. A LOT MORE THAN SOME.

WHAT NOW? WE STILL GOING THROUGH WITH THIS?

COURSE WE ARE.

JUST SAYING. ***NOTHING'S*** WORTH THIS, EVEN FOR ALL THE CAPS IN VEGAS.

WITHOUT CHANCE, WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH FASTER ***ANYWAY.*** FUCKING SICK OF RIDING THE MOJAVE.

GUESS THAT'S THAT. DON'T FEEL RIGHT, THOUGH.

FIND SOMETHING TO DIG WITH. NEED TO BURY HIM BEFORE THE CAZADORES SHOW UP.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

GOTTA BURY CHANCE.

THE *FUCK* YOU WILL.

FUCKING BURY HIM, THEN. I'M GOING ON AHEAD.

CATCH UP WHEN YOU'RE DONE -- IF YOU WANT TO GET *PAID.*

WHERE'S THIS *COURIER?* I WANT TO BE *DONE* WITH THIS SHIT.

CLOSEST WATER SOURCE MEANS *GOOD-SPRINGS.*

THAT TUMBLEWEED TOWN? AIN'T NOTHING *THERE.*

HE DOESN'T THINK SO.

HOPE YOU SAVED YOUR STRENGTH. WON'T BE THE *LAST* GRAVE YOU DIG TODAY.

HOW MUCH FARTHER TILL GOOD-SPRINGS?

YOU'RE *STANDING* IN IT.

THEN WHERE'S THIS COURIER OF YOURS?

WATCH THE *ROAD.*

SHOULDN'T BE LONG NOW.

TO BE CONTINUED IN

Fallout NEW VEGAS



"Lady Luck? She's always on time."



"Looks like he crawled this far
before he died—someone set him
on fire and watched."